

The Cambridge Review.



OCTOBER

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Vol xxii

No. 1

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Printer.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

We take pleasure in announcing the opening of our school on Sept. 3, with a large increase in attendance, an increase even beyond our expectations.

We had anticipated a larger enrollment by adding to our floor space and equipment. Since September we have found it necessary to order additional equipment to provide still more seats.

We appreciate this evidence, on the part of the Cambridge public, of the loyalty to Cambridge institutions, and shall continue to give to Cambridge *the best in Commercial education, at the lowest cost.*

NOTE—Watch this space from month to month for our announcements.

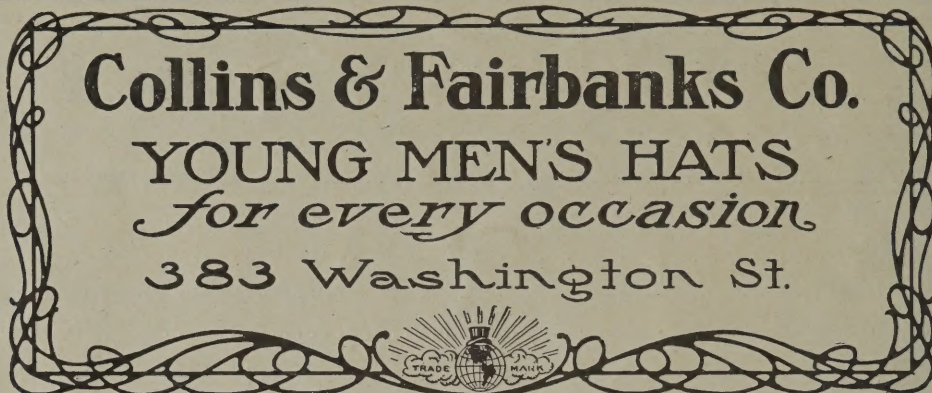
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EDITORIALS

Greetings from the REVIEW to its old and new friends. We welcome all, but especially the members of the Freshman classes who have this year entered, as it were, into a new sort of school life. Every one of you upper-classmen can recollect the exhilaration and pride you experienced when you were admitted as a full-fledged "high schooler"; and it was only natural that you should. The same feelings, the same loyalty that binds the student to his college, binds, in a greater or less degree, the pupil to his school. The victories of his school teams warm him to enthusiasm and pride; he is willing to work hard for the glory of the school, whether in the gridiron, the diamond, the track, or the forum; and in other ways is ever ready to take a hand and help along its interests. That is precisely the best spirit to have.

Now for a little advice to the new members: Don't be a "grind," by all means; but still, have your lessons well prepared. Remember that lessons well learned at the time saves much hard study and worry just before exams. Besides, you who intend to take part in athletics must not forget that to insure your staying in a team, when once in, it is vitally important to keep your studies above the passing mark.

By all means, try to help along your school athletics by giving them active help, — physical help, if we may use the word, — as well as moral; in other words, try for the teams, and try hard. If you fail to make a place, it will be no dishonor to you, while you can rest satisfied that you have done your best. The next thing to do — and this applies to both girls and boys — is to attend the games of your school and encourage your teams with enthusiastic and whole-hearted cheering. Bear in mind that time and again a good team has lost a game solely because of the discouraging support from the stand.

To those whose bent lies more in the literary line, and, indeed, to all the pupils who would but try, the REVIEW offers an excellent opportunity to make contributions. Stories, true or imaginative, articles on scientific subjects, poetry, and, in short, anything of common interest, are earnestly solicited. Then, too, we must not forget the precious class notes, for they hold a prominent place in the back of our paper and in the heart of every school boy and girl. In class notes we see the humorous side of school life; they remind us of some comical incident in the classroom. But in order that a class note be worthy of the name, it must be carefully written, otherwise the point would be lost.

There are two things that we must especially guard against in writing up notes; namely, that they be not "fresh," nor such as would cause any unpleasantness to any one, for that is not the object of class notes.



The REVIEW wishes Mr. Wood success in his new position as master of the Rindge Manual Training School. We are confident that the school will prosper under his wise management, and that each year to come will see a better, bigger, and busier school. This year has begun happily, — the membership is considerably larger than that of last year, the corps of teachers has been increased proportionately, several new courses have been added to the curriculum; in short, this school, which not many years ago could not show twenty boys, is now one of the largest and best of its kind.

We desire to extend our thanks to Mr. MacWhinnie for his kindness in writing the interesting article on Mr. Wood.



For many years past it has been the custom for the different classes of the Cambridge Latin and High schools to hold sociable gatherings several times during the year. As these class socials are usually held on Friday evenings, they do not in any way interfere with the school work of a boy or girl; we are sure that there isn't a pleasanter way of ending a week of hard study. Although they are managed by a committee made up of several members of the class, yet there are always some teachers present at these parties who voluntarily assist in the entertainment, and incidentally use their influence to keep the enthusiasm within the proper bounds.

In socials, as in everything else, the cry is, "Give us your support." It is certainly very discouraging to the management to plan an elaborate entertainment for sixty and find

that only thirty or so had enough class spirit to take the trouble to be present. But still, numbers alone cannot make a successful social; every one must get into the spirit of the occasion and do all in his power to encourage merriment. We have noticed in past times that otherwise good parties have been spoiled by the lack of interest or the bashfulness of some of the boys, who preferred to sit in a corner and discuss athletics, or something else equally out of place.

If properly managed, these gatherings are very enjoyable, and, what is more, they are the best means for classmates to get acquainted with one another, especially for the Freshman classes.



The REVIEW welcomes all the new teachers of the three high schools of this city. We hope that they will take an interest in the sports and pastimes of the pupils, besides coaxing knowledge into their heads. We are sure that they will find much pleasantness mingled with the drudgery, if we may call it so, of the daily work.



In order to awaken the interest in story-writing, we have decided to offer a prize — a fine fountain-pen — for the best story submitted on or before Friday, Nov. 29. The stories must contain no less than fifteen hundred nor more than four thousand words; they must be written on theme paper, with ink, and on *one* side only.



For the pupils who wish to help the REVIEW, and at the same time earn some money, there is a way open in the advertising department. We give twenty per cent commission on all advertisements. If you wish to make some money in this way, then see the business manager or his assistants, who will gladly give you blanks and all the necessary information.

JOHN W. WOOD, JR.

In January, 1907, Mr. Charles H. Morse, after twelve years of service as head master of the Rindge School, tendered his resignation. It seemed wise to the committee that so important a position should be filled only after ample opportunity had been afforded for securing the right man. Therefore, no permanent successor was chosen at that time, but Miss Myra I. Ellis, the master's assistant, was made temporary principal. The choice of the head master was deferred until June.

The Rindge is one of the largest and best technical preparatory schools in the country. There were many men of experience and ability in educational matters who signified their desire to become its head. Of these numerous applicants, the committee deemed the man best fitted to discharge the duties of head master to be Mr. John W. Wood, Jr., for many years a member of the corps of instructors. He was, therefore, made principal and entered upon his duties at the commencement of the present school year.

Mr. Wood is a native of Cambridge. He graduated from the Rindge in 1894, and in 1898 received the degree of Bachelor of Science from the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard University. In the autumn of that year he was appointed an instructor in the Mechanical Department of the Cambridge

Manual Training School, now the Rindge. Shortly after, he was transferred to the Academic Department and made teacher of sciences. This position he has continued to fill until his recent appointment.

Mr. Wood is peculiarly fitted for his new position. The school is dear to him as his "alma mater." The fact that he has himself been over the same road that the boys are now traveling enables him to sympathize with them and to appreciate their difficulties in the best possible way. He has had practical experience as an instructor in both departments of the school. He has, at one time or another, taught nearly all of the academic subjects.

As a member of the corps of instructors, I have been impressed with Mr. Wood's earnestness of purpose and conscientiousness, with the deep personal interest which he has always had in the school. He has not only been an indefatigable worker in his duties as an instructor, but he has always spent an enormous amount of time on matters distinctly outside of his duty, but which, nevertheless, pertained to the welfare and best interests of the school.

Mr. Wood has the hearty support of the teachers and students. I look for '07-'08 to be the best year in the history of the Rindge.

J. E. M.



THE TRANSPARENT MAN

J. GORDON GILKEY, C. L. S., '08

In my home town, near the bank of a small pond, was an old house rich in tradition. Here, it was said, a famous general of the Revolution had spent a night, here a President had once held a reception, and here, of course, was a ghost. This last fact had driven away all prospective tenants, and so the house had gone to ruin. Windows were broken, boards had rotted away, and the blinds hung at that disconsolate angle which always betrays a deserted house.

It was, then, with much surprise that the village people heard the house had been bought and was soon to be occupied. Some said that the house would doubtless be fitted up sumptuously to make a wealthy man his summer home; others, that it had been bought, probably, by a neighboring historic association and would be preserved; while still others expressed, as their opinion, that the new occupants would be poor people who had found this the cheapest house available.

But no one had guessed correctly, and, what is more, no one had even dreamed who the occupant was to be. Instead of a rich man, a society, or a poor family, the new owner was an inventor. How our hearts burned when we heard that news! Perhaps flying machines would sail over our heads, or perpetual-motion machines would do our work for us. But no. The great inventor proved to be a wizened old man, very quiet, and peculiar in all his actions. His visits to the village store were at first great events, for it was expected that he would tell us of his work; but, on the contrary, he hardly spoke, and quietly left the store after making his purchase. Neither did he have any intercourse with the village people outside, nor did he make any effort to repair his house.

So, I think, he would have been forgotten very soon, unless a strange thing had happened.

One day he ceased coming to the store. He had always been so punctual before in making his purchases that, when he failed to come at the usual hour, we were all very much surprised. "I guess the professor" (that was what he had been nicknamed) "is sick," ventured the storekeeper. "Oh, he's all right," answered one of the men. "I saw a light in his house as I came up. Most likely he's inventing a sled that will coast up hill." So the subject was dropped. But when the old man stayed away day after day, and no news was heard from him, a general curiosity about the "professor's" actions was aroused, and, without telling any one, I determined to row across the pond in my skiff and find out what the matter was.

What was my surprise, then, on nearing the other shore, to see the old man sitting there on the grass, watching me. "Oh, good morning," I exclaimed, "I came —" "Yes, yes," he interrupted, "I'm glad to have you come. I can't invite you into the house, but it's very pleasant here. Won't you tie your skiff and come up?" I looked up at the old man in surprise. Was this the same quiet person who had hardly spoken to any one in the village that was now chatting so pleasantly? But why did he not invite me into his house?

"I was wondering why you did not come to the store any more," I said. "Your visits have been so regular that I grew afraid you were ill. So I thought I would come over and see if you were all right." "Yes," the old man answered, "I am all right, and" (his eyes twinkled merrily as he went on) "I don't

ever expect to come to the store again." My surprise grew. Never come to the store again? There was no other within five miles, and certainly he would not go as far as that.

The old man saw the incredulous expression on my face. "Don't try to wonder why," he said. "You could never guess. It has taken me sixty years to find out how." "How to do what?" I broke in. "Why, how — how to live without going to the store." And as he finished the sentence he laughed softly.

But I began to get nervous. "The old man must be crazy," I said to myself, "and, since he is, I had better withdraw. His conversation shows that his mind is wandering." So, after hastily saying good-by, I rowed home.

The days passed by. After much thought on the subject, I concluded that the old man was mentally unbalanced. Yet, as the weeks slipped on, and no one saw him, my wonder grew. At last curiosity, mingled with pity at the old man's condition, drove me to pay him another visit.

Imagine my amazement, then, at seeing the "professor" seated quietly on the grass, apparently just as I had left him. "Good morning," he said, as I rowed near, "have you come again?" The thinness of his voice startled me, and before answering I glanced sharply at the old man. My hair stood on end, for his hands were almost transparent! His body was as frail as an autumn leaf, and his voice, as he spoke, sounded like the rustling of the wind through the trees. His eyes seemed to have faded; his hair was pure white. But his hands! Again I shot a glance at them. They were transparent, like glass! Was he a ghost? His watery eyes fixed themselves upon me. "Well, have you come again?" he said, repeating his question.

"Yes," I blurted out in my fright; "I came to see if you were still alive." "Oh, yes," the old man quavered, "and I have not been to the store yet. It still works beautifully, and, well, if you will come to-morrow and promise not to tell, I will show it to you."

Still the senseless talk about not going to the store. I could stand it no longer. Another look at those ghostly, transparent hands and I was rowing home as fast as I could.

All that day I debated whether or not to go and see the old man the following morning. One moment my curiosity urged me on; the next, the very thought of entering an old house with a transparent host set my hair on end. But the bright morning sunshine brought back my courage, and I started quickly, lest it should fail.

As the skiff grated harshly on the pebbles on the other shore, I looked up to see if the old man was seated on the grass, as on my previous visits. No; the whole place seemed deserted, and I was waiting, undecided what to do, when I heard the old man call from the house, "Come right in." As I stepped toward the door there was a sudden flash within the old dwelling. Hastily throwing open the door, I looked in. The old man had disappeared!

I called out loudly, but there was no answer. The flash had been in that room, as I could see by the scorched ceiling, and the old man had spoken from that room, too. But no trace of him could be found. On a table in the center of the room was a square box and a half-burned match; that was all.

After the excitement caused by the old man's strange death had subsided, I set to work to find, if I could, a clew from the square box. I discovered, by turning a crank attached to it, that small, round, transparent objects, which were very pleasant to the taste, dropped out of an opening in the end of the box. The supply of these tablets seemed to be inexhaustible, and after turning the crank for a few minutes I had several dozen of them. On a further examination of the box I found an opening in the bottom, which, if closed, stopped the supply of tablets. Did they come from the air? If so, would they not soon vanish, if left alone, back into the air? I glanced at the pile of tablets that had

just come from the box and saw, to my surprise, that it had noticeably diminished. Then I held a match near the remaining ones, and they burned up in a flash.

Evidently these tablets were made of oxygen drawn from the air and put in a new form, a palatable one. But would oxygen make a food? If by breathing oxygen into the lungs it makes blood, why could it not be eaten and made to support the body in that way? The old man had evidently worked on this theory and had made a machine that ex-

tracted oxygen from the air and then put it into palatable form. He had been living on these oxygen tablets since the time when he ceased to come to the store. Gradually, as he lived on this strange gas food, he became so completely filled with oxygen that he actually appeared transparent. Then, on the day I had come to see him, he had carelessly lighted the match I later found on the table. In a flash the oxygen in his body had caught fire, and he had burned up in an instant. This was the old man's secret.

PROMISE ME NOT

C. I. C.

I

Promise me not remembrance when I go,
 Beloved, far away,
 To see thy face in dreams, and see not thee
 Through many a weary day.
 Yet promise not;
 I promise nothing, I; too well for me
 If thou couldst be forgot.
 Stay it, beloved, stay, the reckless vow
 Trembles for utterance; what can we know?
 The morrow is unshown, this moment is our
 own,
 Take it, beloved, and be happy now!

II

Farewell, nor ever let disturb thy peace
 Demand of mine;
 No idle pang reproach with love's decrease
 Neglect of thine.
 I would not that thy thought of me
 Were darkened with regret;
 But in thy brightest hours, amid life's light
 and flowers,
 Remember me, or, if thou wilt, forget.
 Time shall his dues allot
 To sure oblivion; be he kind to thee!
 Promise me not!

Alumni Notes

C. L. S.

Deaths

'97. Edward Addison Dunlap, A.B., A.M., at St. Louis, Mo., July 13, 1906.

Marriages

'92. John Frederick Osborn to Lucia Lincoln Boggs, C. H. S., '94, at Cambridge, Mass., June 5, 1907.

'93. James Emery MacWhinnie to Mrs. Adaline Bonney McGuire, at Portland, Me., Aug. 22, 1907.

'94. John Ernest Lansing to Lucy Caroline Wells, at East Onondaga, N. Y., June 27, 1907.

'96. Mabel Veazie Arnold to Rufus Edward Miles, at Cambridge, Mass., June 1, 1907.

'96. Demetria Simmons to Harry Allan George, at Newton Centre, Mass., June 3, 1907.

'97. John Patrick Nelligan to Gertrude Helen O'Shea, at Roxbury, Mass., June 4, 1907.

'97. Charles Warren Locke to Helen Russell Davis, at St. Paul, Minn., June 24, 1907.

'98. Elsa Hillyer White to Francis Louis Lavertu, at Cambridge, Mass., July 2, 1907.

'99. Horace Paine Stevens to Emma Frye White, at Lewiston, Me., Aug. 6, 1907.

'00. Gordon David Houston to Dora Mayo Lawrence, at Tuskegee, Ala., Aug. 20, 1907.

'00. John Coolidge Davenport to Florence May Miller, at Norwood, Ohio, June 25, 1907.

'00. Herbert Coolidge Davidson to Annie Lemira French, at Brookline, Mass., April 24, 1907.

'00. Elsie Dana McWain to Miner Harlow Ames Evans, Jr., at Cambridge, Mass., May 15, 1907.

'01. Lillian Mitchell Barbour to Harold Whitman Bennett, at Cambridge, Mass., May 18, 1907.

'02. Gertrude Maria Conant to Willard Eaton Munday, at Cambridge, Mass., June 10, 1907.

'02. John De Quedville Briggs to Margaret Floyd Atwater, at Helena, Mont., July 2, 1907.

'02. Agnes Marion Erickson to Robert Bowie Anderson, at Cambridge, Mass., July 2, 1907.

'04. Ethel Maude Bailey to William Ernest Cowles, at Claremont, N. H., Sept. 25, 1907.

Degrees were conferred last June as follows:

At Harvard, —

A.B.—'02. Clifford Melburn Holland (as of 1905).

A.B.—'03. George Ernest Anderson, Arthur Coleman Comey, Henry Woods Durant, Thomas Francis Dwyer, Jr., John Earl Eaton, John Matthew Murphy, George Ambrose Rivinius, Fletcher Wood Taft, Harold Morton Tillinghast.

A.B.—'04. Claude Haines Ketchum (as of 1908).

S.B.—'01. John Stephen Berchams Sullivan.

LL.B.—'01. Irving Nelson Linnell.

LL.B.—'02. Archibald Robertson Graustein.

At Radcliffe, —

A.B.—'02. Adelaide Eva Beunke.

A.B.—'03. Alice Adams, Ruth Bennett, Rose Pindar Bland, Annie Adelle Busiel, Fredrika Churchill, Lucy Jackson Dougherty, Constance Huntington Hall, Mary Helen Johnson, Ethel Helen Lyons, Ethel Gertrude McElroy, Alice Gertrude Merrill, Ethel Lillian Sutton, Lucetta Averill Upham, Eleanor Wheeler.

A.B.—'04. Alcina Burrill Houghton.

A.M.—'99. Ellen Paine Huling.

A.M.—'00. Elizabeth Lillibridge Huling.

At Smith, —

A.B.—'02. Mary Adams.

At Wellesley, —

A.B.—'02. Mary Stearns Hutchins.

A.B.—'03. Esther Barbour, Helen Walker Hutchins, Eunice Gertrude Prichard.

At Mount Holyoke, —

A.B.—'03. Marion Beane, Esther Margaret Foxcroft.

At Vassar, —

A.B.—'03. Delpha Coolidge.

At Dartmouth, —

A.B.—'03. John Franklin Crocker, Jr.

At Princeton, —

A.M.—'02. James Willard Hood.

'01. Harold Marshall Jones is teaching in the Rindge Manual Training School. His engagement to Miss Gertrude Alma Heath of Wellesley Hills was recently announced.

'01. Marguerite Lucile Beard has returned as teacher of music at Tilton Seminary, Tilton, N. H.

'02. Florence Helen French is teaching at the Watertown, Mass., High School.

'02. Jennie Gertrude Ricker is teaching at the Rochester, N. H., High School.

'02. The engagement of Anna Coolidge Davenport to Clifford Melburn Holland is announced.

'03. Annie Adelle Busiel has been appointed teacher of languages at the Newport, N. H., High School.

'03. Ethel Lillian Sutton is teaching in the high school at Middletown, Conn.

'03. The engagement of Lucy Jackson Dougherty to Henry Bertram Potter, ex-C. L. S., '01, is announced.

C. H. S.

Deaths

'55. Sarah Downing Mitchell (Mrs. Charles Davis), at Somerville, Mass., Sept. 6, 1907.

'55. Abiel Abbott Vaughn, at Cambridge, Mass., May 15, 1907.

'74. Frank Parker Vogl, at Atlantic City, N. J., July 21, 1907.

'85. Lennette Amanda Woodbury, at San Francisco, Calif., May 16, 1907.

Marriages

'77. Henry Johnson Storer to Bernice Georgianna Olive, at Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 4, 1907.

'94. Lucia Lincoln Boggs to John Frederick Osborn, C. L. S., '92, at Cambridge, Mass., June 5, 1907.

'96. Martha Annesse Parker to Arthur Clarke Morey, at Cambridge, Mass., June 18, 1907.

'96. Margaret Eleanor Quinn to Jeremiah Charles Good, at Cambridge, Mass., July 2, 1907.

'96. Katherine Louise Wight to Col. John Davis Billings, at Cambridge, Mass., June 28, 1907.

'97. May Ethel Lathrop to William Snow Dow, at Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 16, 1907.

'97. Bertha Alice Aldrich to Walter Alden Dane, at Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 16, 1907.

'98. Otis Horton Bramhall to Helen Jones Hilliard, at Provincetown, Mass., Sept. 26, 1907.

'00. Ruth Darling Foxcroft to Arthur Nelson Hastings, ex-'01, at Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 2, 1907.

'02. Ninita Towle Ferdinand to William Alexander Pittendreigh, at Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 1, 1907.

'02. Rose Anna Gethin to Bernard Benjamin Welch, at Cambridge, Mass., June 30, 1907.

'04. Sadie Frances Manion to Ralph Warren Bobb, at Somerville, Mass., June 17, 1907.

'04. Gertrude Maude McNamee to Dudley Clifton Bradshaw, at Cambridge, Mass., July 23, 1907.

'05. Elsie Beryl Peterson to Thomas Carleton Craven, at Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 24, 1907.

'74. George Howland Folger has been appointed assistant general superintendent of the Boston & Maine Railroad.

'00. Vesta Whittier Mayhew of North Tisbury, Mass., received in July a diploma from the Institute of Normal Methods of Boston.

'03. Frank Bradford Taylor is captain of the Wesleyan Football Team.

R. M. T. S. 1903

Cards are out for the marriage of Harold O. Shepard to Miss Derry of Everett the latter part of this month.

E. C. Brooks is studying at the Colorado School of Mines this year.

H. R. Shaw has recently been elected president of the Pierian Sodality of Harvard University. Among the members of the orchestra are John L. Murray, '99, and T. Parker Clarke, '01.

Keep an eye on this column for a notice of the dinner of the C. M. T. S. Alumni Association.

TO THE BOYS OF THE CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL

The candidates for the school football team have been out now for about three weeks, during which time the team has played two games: one with Somerville and one with Dedham. The showing that the fellows have made was very much better than last year's at this time. We are out, not only to do better than last year, but to win the championship.

The league dissolves this year, and, during its past existence of two years, Cambridge Latin and Brookline High has each won the championship. As this is the last year, it is up to Cambridge to get the championship, so that the banner will always remain in the school.

Now, in order to do this, we need every fellow's support, whether he plays or not; we want every fellow, little or big, to come out for the team, for the team is not yet made, and everybody will be given a show. Those who cannot play we want not only to come to the games, but to cheer hard when they get there. Only the fellow who has ever played knows what it is to hear his school cheering for him, and he will tell you that it makes him play a good deal stronger, if he knows the school is with him. As I said before, we cannot have that pennant in our school if every boy does not do his best to help us.

FRANK D. CLOSE, *Captain.*

THE DEFEAT OF THE ICE TRUST IN HADES

HENRY FARWELL, R. M. T. S., '09

There was general consternation when the *Gehenna Gazette* announced, in large type, that Hades was about to experience an ice famine. The people cried, "What shall we do without ice?" "How can we live without ice water?" Ice is a necessity there, and the prospects of a famine made many visit the Boiling Pond Ice Houses to see how much of the precious article there was left. These were, however, refused admittance, for the houses were really crowded with ice. The ice trust, with Ananias as president, had published this statement only to wring more money out of the poor, unsuspecting public. They had lately gotten the idea from a new arrival from Boston. They were not content with charging twenty-five dollars a hundred pounds, but they wanted more. Profiting by the experience of others, they stated that they would put the price up to fifty a hundred, but would only add ten cents a pound to the prices paid by the small consumers and would also give them full weight (on doctored scales).

There are many different uses for ice here. Nero used to snort with joy with a small piece of it in his mouth while sawing on his fiddle. Sir Walter Raleigh kept a piece in the bottom of his pipe. He said it was so refreshing. Napoleon used his ice in his shoes, enabling him to stand longer in that meditative position of his and think thoughtfully. Lady Macbeth was in the habit of taking a small piece of ice the last thing before driving Macbeth to bed, while what would Macbeth do without ice in which to pack his victims? Jules Verne used a cake of ice on the bow of the *Nautilus*, to enable

him to navigate in Boiling Pond without having his boat turn red hot. Victor Hugo would have been unable to complete his latest history if he had not used ice in his ink to keep it from boiling. Henty liked a mint julep once in a while; therefore, ice. Queen Elizabeth used to sit on a cake of ice to keep her temper down.

Although Munchausen was a cool one and didn't need ice, he felt in sympathy with these poor, common people, and he determined to ease their sufferings. He collected all the grave diggers that he could find, and, after having surveyed for a week, drew two lines, and where they crossed he set the men to digging. Munchausen then went around and said to the people, "Be not afraid. Cheer up. In three weeks you will have all the ice you want." In about seventeen days the workmen struck ice and were told to quit work and get paid off.

Two days later the people gathered at the hole and were surprised to see a column of ice pushing its way upwards out of the ground. Munchausen was there, and he explained that, having found the exact center of Hades, he had dug down to the South Pole. This had risen on the same principle that makes cold air rise. He also said that it was always freezing at the bottom, so there would be no more scarcity of ice, and for them to help themselves. They all broke off what they wanted, and Munchausen was praised by every one.

Thus Ananias begot for himself the little fruit, brother to the orange, with somewhat the color of a banana and with a taste partly like that of a green quince.



QUARTER AND HALF SIZES

Large silver tips are still used for canes, umbrellas, and hotel waiters.

AT THE STATE HOUSE

First Bill: "It seems to me we ought to be acquainted with each other."

Second Bill: "Yes, we've been introduced."

Burly party: "Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my ear last evening?"

Little Blifferton: "Very careless of me, I am sure. I wondered what became of it, and — would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?"

Maude: "Papa, I thought you said this morning that Jack Brewer was no chicken."

Father (grimly): "That's what I said."

Maude: "Then what does this mean" (reading) "'Jack Brewer, stroke of the Hale crew, stepped jauntily out of the shell'?"

SHE EARNS THE NAME

"My wife is the queen of the tea table."
"And she never reigns, but she pours."

MARKET ITEM

Editor: "What price have you put on that poem?"

Poet: "Eighty cents a thousand feet, the same as the gas companies charge."

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Cora: "Miss Fussanfeather's hair used to be black. I see it has turned to a chestnut. How do you account for that?"

Clara: "I believe she has been using the funny papers to do her hair up in."

NOT QUITE A FOOL

"How do you manage to find your way across the ocean?" said a lady to a sea captain.

"Why, by the compass. The needle always points north."

"Yes, I know, but what if you wish to go south?"

ONE OF THE CURRENT JOKES

"Well, I'm ohm," said the electrician, when he let himself in after midnight.

"But why are you insulate?" asked his wife.

HERETICS

C. A. AMSEN, R. M. T. S.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We publish the following article not because we endorse the attitude therein taken, but because it gives a new view of the interests which move the schools most strongly at this time of the year. Our correspondent's ideas may be entirely wrong, but they are certainly worthy of consideration.

The most natural answer to the editor's appeal for "Articles of Common Interest" will be, and no doubt always has been, an article on athletics. The subject has, very likely, already become almost hackneyed in the previous numbers of the REVIEW. When the expectant reader takes up this number and finds more information volunteered on the subject, I fear he will be inclined to lay down the paper with a groan. Also, the view I am going to take is, I fear, not a very popular one. So if any one does go so far as to start reading this article, I fear he will be inclined to put it aside, after a few lines, with the remark that the author is a fool. Well, perhaps he is. But because he is a heretic, it may be of interest to examine his creed, even if only to find fault with it, as one would with the creed of a heathen.

In football, as, indeed, in all athletics, the cry is constantly ringing, "Play together!" My cry is, "Each man play the whole game for himself!" This, very likely, seems nonsense to you. But I will try not to commit the fault of so many heretics, bent on converting others to their follies,—namely, that of confining myself to sensational cries and weak generalities,—but I will try to lay the matter before you, coolly and logically.

Athletics must have originated somewhat in the following way: The lack was felt, in school and university, of some recreation from the heavy strain of study. A perfect recreation must, in itself, be devoid of all

direct purpose. Any continuous aim, which must be pursued, taken up, and left off again, immediately takes it out of the ranks of pure recreation. The lack of such a recreation was first supplied, instinctively, by the common games and romps of the younger boys. When the boys became "young men," tag, or whatever its ancient substitute may have been, was no longer consistent with their dignity. But the lack was there, all the same, and must be satisfied. That produced the origin of our modern game. As a result, every day the whole school would divide into two parties and engage in a brisk, but delightfully aimless, struggle of some kind. Virgil and Euclid, Homer and Pythagoras, all are forgotten in that medley of humanity; each strives to outdo the other, but how, why, and even what in, no one stops to think. When it is over everybody returns to work, sobered by the wild excess of hilarity and filled with a great desire for work.

So it should be, and so, no doubt, it was. For every institution of that kind must have started with the idea of satisfying some fundamental want. But how would it seem, to a person deducing the origin of football, merely from its present aspects? The following would hardly be an exaggerated statement of the case:

It happened a long while ago, way back in the Middle Ages. The grand royal master of the most noble and revered of all seats of learning, the monastical school of Byzantz, was highly wroth. For had not the first valet of his ducal highness, the master of the School of Blue Knights, boasted, before a mighty concourse, that his master's pupils

could pluck the laurels from the brows of the Byzantian scholars in any test of physical strength? And, moreover, had not the master of the School of Blue Knights refused to execute his servant, and even intimated that his words were true? The insult was to the whole school and could be washed out only by blood. But the ruling lord of the country has decreed that certain regulations must be followed in the contest. Only a leather sphere can be used as missile, and it is forbidden to strike an opponent, unless it be done by mistake. So for weeks beforehand the opposite camps are having unintermittent drill in striking blows by mistake and in speeding the leathern missile on its voyage of death. At last the day of the combat is here, and before a multitude gathered from the four corners of the earth the foes meet, each thirsting for the other's blood. All day long the battle rages, and slaughter plays havoc among the ranks, till only one champion remains for each side. Then, since it is impossible for a man to fell a single opponent by mistake, the heralds are forced to interfere. The victory is undecided, and the breach not made up. Even to this date their descendants renew the quarrel, and every year the field of combat is drenched anew with blood.

Absurd as this is, it is really not half so ridiculous as the college games here. For are we not living in an age of progress, an age of flying machines, and peace congresses? In Germany, at least, a sensible attitude

toward football and other games is kept. There the whole school plays, and games with other schools are only incidental variations to the home games. Here about three per cent of the boys play, and the time between games with other schools is taken up with tedious drill, which affords little exercise when compared with a game, and only wears on one's nerves. "But it is only by practice that we can expect to win games," you say. Well, what if it is? As long as we get fun out of it, and exercise, what more do we want? If, instead of the daily, systematic drill, sides could be chosen up and a brisk game played, twice as many boys could play, and ten times as much benefit and enjoyment would be derived from it. But because of the general trend athletics has been taking, a game that was originally noble, a game that it was a pleasure to play, a game that furthered good health, good judgment, and good nature, has become a brute struggle between two hostile teams, breeding violence, unfairness, and ill will.

That is why I think the idea of playing together so wrong. What we want is a well-developed individual, not a combination that will overcome any other by brute strength. If every one would only play for himself, would only get rid of the idea that the team is a failure if every game is not won, — in short, if he would aim at personal benefit and enjoyment, instead of physical supremacy, — football would become a nobler, healthier, and more popular game than it now is.





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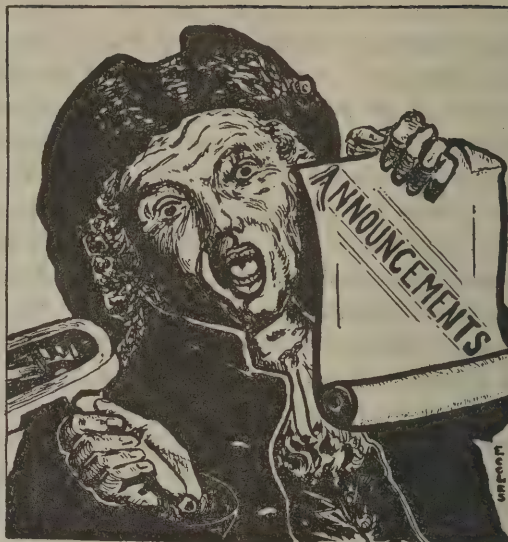
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The next number of the REVIEW will appear Thursday, Nov. 14. All copy *must* be in by Friday, Nov. 1.

The names of the winners of the subscription prizes and of the Freshman editors will be announced in the November number.

Hereafter, all contributions to the REVIEW *must* be written on theme paper, with ink, and on *one* side only.

We have decided to offer a fine fountain-pen for the best story handed in before Nov. 29. See editorials.

RINDGE SENIOR CLASS MEETING

On Sept. 19 the Senior class of R. M. T. S. held a class meeting, which resulted in the following election of officers for the coming year: President, Kenneth V. Carman; Vice-President, Hazard A. Dunning; Secretary, Charles Willis; Treasurer, Clifford Farrington.

COMMUNICATIONS

There are two favors which I should like to ask, which, although they are small matters on your part, means the life of *your* paper: the first, "*Patronize Our Advertisers*," and second, when doing so, *mention the REVIEW*.

Try to realize that your mentioning the paper is the only way a store can tell whether or not their advertisement is paying.

Our advertisers practically pay for the running, so you must patronize them, in order that they may continue to support us. These stores are good, reliable, firms of Boston and Cambridge, and you can afford to trade with them. *Try it once*, and by granting us these two small favors you will keep your paper vigorous.

H. T. FOGG.

✿

C. E. H. S. 1911

Just a word to the Freshmen:

We are all very glad to see so many nice little people in our school, and, of course, the Freshmen would like to be just as well represented in our school paper as the older classes. Near the door of Room 8 is a box with the name "Review" on it. In this you may put as many notes as you wish, but they *must* be written on one side of block paper, in ink, with the class numerals, '11, at the top. So we hope that next month a large number will be enthusiastic, and that the Freshman class will be as well represented as the Senior or any other class.

BASKET-BALL, '07-'08

To the High School Girls:

Basket-ball is about to commence once more, and, of course, each and every one of us would like to have our team the best. But in order to have it so, we must have the girls and a sufficient amount of practice.

There will be practice one afternoon every week throughout the winter in preparation for the games which we play with other schools.

It is hoped a large number will come out for the Varsity, because we want to have a lively team and make a remarkable name for ourselves. But, as every one knows, a winning team is impossible unless the girls give their hearty support and coöperation.

If members of the upper classes do not show some enthusiasm and attend all the practices, our hopes cannot be fulfilled. There is no reason at all why, with faithful practice, we should not have a first-class team.

There are several important positions on the team to be filled, and substitutes are needed as well as a second team. Therefore, every girl is asked to come out and do her best.

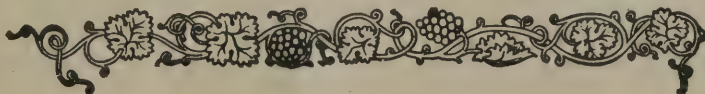
MARGARET M. KELLEHER, *Captain*.

✿

C. L. S. BASKET-BALL NOTICE

All girls interested in athletics be sure and come out for Varsity practice, in order to make the C. L. S. team a winning one. Practice will begin about the second week in October, and all are eligible, except Freshmen.

NELLIE E. PENNELL, *Captain*



OLD CAPE COD FENCES

We often hear about the "bread that mother used to make," but did you ever hear about the "fences that father used to make"? Doubtless you haven't; at least, not very often. But whether the bread made by our ancestors was or was not better than that made at the present time, there is little doubt that the old-time fences that I am about to describe were, in their way, far superior to those in use nowadays.

If you ever happened to go over some of the old Barnstable County highways, perhaps you've noticed that the trunks of some of the old trees along the sides of the road are twisted in a very peculiar fashion. For about three or four feet from the ground they go up naturally; then they are bent at right angle, and for a distance of six or seven feet they follow the direction of the road; thence the trunks once more resume their upward course.

What strange freak of nature caused these trees to take such unusual forms, you ask? It isn't the work of nature alone; it is mainly the result of time and labor on the part of the hardy Cape Cod folk of long ago, aided by nature.

About a hundred or so years ago, the sage fathers of some of the Cape Cod towns decided that it was necessary to build a fence along the sides of the principal highways. What did they do? Did they order a car-

load of wire-fencing from Boston? No; wire-fencing was unknown then — it is doubtful, anyway, whether our modern fencing would have struck the fancy of the sturdy fathers.

What they *did* do, however, was to call out all the able men in the neighborhood and set to work to build a fence that no wind could blow down nor any animal break to pieces. They first selected on each side of the road a row of young trees, about three or four inches in diameter, and about six or seven feet apart. Then they bent these sapplings two or three feet from the ground and securely fastened them, so that they remained horizontal and parallel to the road. Thus the fences were made; that is, so far as man was concerned.

As time went by, faithful Mother Nature finished the living fence which the Cape Cod men had begun. The branches naturally grew upwards, making a barrier through which no horse or cow could penetrate; they also formed a natural bower, under whose shade the weary traveler could journey in comfort during the hot summer days.

Some of the trees which once made up this continuous hedge are yet living; others are tottering and ready to fall. Doubtless, since the time when these living fences were no longer needed, many of these silent witnesses of Colonial days have found a warm welcome in the spacious fireplaces of Cape Cod homes.

COPIED RHYMES

'Twixt optimist and pessimist
The difference is drole.
The optimist the doughnut sees,
The pessimist, the hole.

He sent his son to college,
But alas! and alack!
Though he spent a thousand dollars,
He got but a quarter-back.

CUSSED AND DISCUSSED

C. M. WILLIS, R. M. T. S., '08

A matter was recently brought before our editorial eye that we wish to take up and discuss with our patient readers as plain people or, otherwise, as man to man.

We have been told by a party we will stoutly vouch for that a Britisher named Charles Darwin, who has long since shuffled off this mortal coil, among other indiscretions, follies, etc., so expressed himself as to make plain to his friends that they and all men over twenty-one were descended from monkeys.

Now we don't believe it. We are Americans, and Britishers never cut any ice with us, anyway. Our opinion—and we shall back it with our last nickel—was, and is, that mankind is descended from house cats.

Now before we go on to prove this, we must assure you that we are perfectly competent to judge. As we said before, we are Americans, and Americans are the smartest people above ground anywhere on this glorious earth. We have known men all our lives. We have been surrounded with monkeys all our lives, and we have played with kittens up to date.

We dwell in an age of enlightenment. As is plain, we have the better of the aforesaid Darwin by considerable in point of time, and if we were not so very modest, we would further state, in the matter of brains, too. We were born in Cambridge; we have up to this lived in Cambridge; we will probably live some more in Cambridge, and if an ever-wise Providence wills it, we will likely die in Cambridge. Furthermore, if our families cannot do it, the authorities may bury us in Cambridge. But in our enthusiasm we are getting off the point. To go back: we con-

tend—and we will never retract—that man is descended from a house cat. And this is why we think thus:

1. Man has whiskers, and so has a house cat.

2. A man always wants to be eating, and so does a house cat. A man expects at least five meals a day, not excepting Sundays and holidays; likewise with pussy.

Dear friends, there it is; you have the reason; we have the reason, and our sole disappointment is that Charlie is not here to hear the reason. It is the truth, is it not? If you don't believe it, look at a cat and then look at a man, and prove it for yourself.

But even as we write in our exuberance, our heart grows heavy and tears fill our left eyes and then our right. There may be, and probably are, some few who might still be wavering between our idea and Charlie Darwin's. We have tried to use plain speech, as Abraham Lincoln did, and reach even the most uneducated of the common people; but strange forebodings fill our breasts. We have firmly rooted wills, and we never give up till the harp is placed in our hands.

We guess that settles it.

Like all other leaders in a great reform movement, we don't expect to find universal favor at first. It makes us sad as we realize that there may be some so low that they would wish to stone us, or beat us, or otherwise maltreat us, after reading this honest and painstaking article; but we have patience. We will fold our ink-bespattered hands and wait for greatness to come, as it will surely come in time, and then you will wish you had our autographs. So you had better send

now and avoid the rush that's coming in the dim, distant future.

P.S.—We think that women are descended from hens, but that field is not our own. We are too gallant for such a task. Let some

other farseeing writer who is not handicapped by our regards for the fair sex take up the matter. We will gladly furnish him the evidence which we have deduced from years of watching—but publish it ourselves—never!

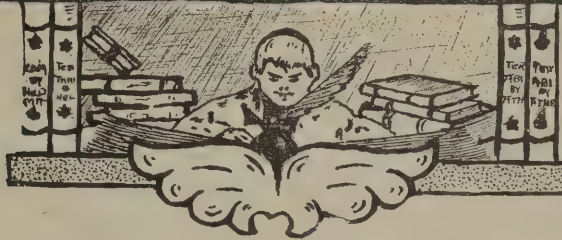


DAWN

R. H. BRITTEN, C. L. S., '08

Night, clothed in chilly blue,
Has held for hours a quiet o'er all the earth;
And the moonlit waters of the lake, restless,
Turn as they wait for the coming dawn.
A distant call—challenge to the morning
sun—
Floats, echoing, down between the bluish
mounts,
Startling the stillness of the night.
Dawn, beaming from afar,
Sweeps down silvered lines of glowing light;
And, casting glimm'ring pictures on the dis-
tant mounts,
Awakes a slumbering world to life and love.
Silent distant stars,
Flickering, waft farewell adown a dying ray,
And slowly vanish from the sunlit sky.
An echo-song to the dawn of day
Drifts out from bordering woodland nook
And floats across the gray-clad lake.
Eastern skies flame golden o'er the ridge;
The sun—that burning monster of eternal
space—
Rolls, ever gently, upward in a mass of fire,
Drawing beneath it the haughty winds of day,
Which, writhing, lash the waves and the
trees and the clouds.
The shadows of night are dispelled from the
earth;
And glimmering dawn has given place to
sunny day.

LATIN SCHOOL NOTES



1908

The officers for the first half year have been elected as follows: President, R. G. Huling; Vice-President, Miss N. Pennell; Treasurer, J. H. Parry; Secretary, Miss E. Hubbard.

The Social Committee are Miss Blake, Miss Carlson, Miss Gardner, Robbins, Downing, and Parry.

Let us all try to make this last year the most successful in the history of the class.

"The pestilence first fell upon the swift goats."

Pupil (translating): "The clanging of the silver bow upon his shoulders was terrible."

Teacher (long pause): "And then dead silence?"

We are glad to see so many new members in the class.

Die Nachfolgerin — the younger children.

"Sir Launfal" seems to be a favorite with Division E. Some of the girls have written two or three themes apiece about him.

Heard in German: "He assigned his wife, whom he dearly loved, to his son-in-law."

The little Freshman, who is unfamiliar with mythology: "A muse is a kind of donkey."

1909

On Sept. 20 a class meeting was held, and the following officers elected: President, A. M. Goodale; Vice-President, Miss D. Raymond; Treasurer, G. Shepherd; Secretary, Miss B. Hodge.

The Social Committee are Hodges, Harlow, Whittemore, Miss Dadmun, Miss Dallinger, Miss Cowlshaw.

Shepherd declined to serve as Treasurer, and on Sept. 25 Burnham was elected in his place.

The Drama Committee is as follows: Burnham, Hawkins, Coon, Miss Raymond, Miss Hodge, Miss Dougherty.

A few of our members have deserted us and joined '10. We hope that they will return soon.

Those who have been in the habit of reaching the room at twenty-nine and nine-tenths minutes past eight in the morning must remember that they have another story to climb this year.

"Dreamology," another study for Division IV.

"*Saepe clamitans liberum se esse*"—"Often crying that he was a book!" "Often crying that he was a child!"

The third time did not fail.

According to G-l-e, the only trouble with Portia was that "she hadn't any nerve at the pinch," while Fitz-ald thinks she was "swell-headed."

Wanted: Shakespeare, to explain Julius Cæsar.

Teacher: "The answer to the twentieth problem is ten cows and thirty-two sheep."

Dav-s: "I don't see how you get that."

Teacher: "What did you have for an answer?"

Dav-s: "Thirty-two sheep and ten cows."

We have some brilliant enthusiasts in English who expound to us the doctrines of Spiritualism, Telepathy, Predestination, Christian Science, and the Darwinian Theory.

"*Ein unvernünftig ges Vuh*" — "an unthinkable cow."

Portia made quite a "hit" when she "blew" about her lineage.

1910

On Sept. 20 the class election was held, with the following result: President, R. E. Parry; Vice-President, Miss D. Adams; Treasurer, M. Rogers; Secretary, Miss M. McCoy.

The Social Committee are Marrett, Blackman, Ford, Miss Fitzgerald, Miss Ketchum, Miss McKusick.

Brennan thinks palatal mutes in Greek are palatable; others don't.

Goebel: "*Mulceamus eius caput.*"

"Pallas was a great man." How did you know that, White?

There are a lot of new members among us this year.

Offer the use of your houses to the Social Committee or we won't be able to have any socials.

History is not all it's cracked up to be.

We have climbed one more round of the ladder.

1911

At last we are able to say something about those Freshmen! "Oh!" gasped a precocious Sophomore in the corridor the other day, as he gazed after a member of '12, "such child labor should be stopped."

Miss N-sh, are you so dense that you are unable to understand the lectures of the learned in geometry, first hour? See Professor C-le.

H-rr-ngt-n, the child wonder of Division II, will gladly explain to all comers concerning the length and "*breath*" of a surface.

Teacher (translating German): "He sat at the table—go on, Miss J-n-s."

Miss J-n-s: "And there he could sleep well."

H-r-g-n (translating into German): "*Hat dein Vater meinen Bruder gegessen?*"

Frequently heard in geometry: "H-v-y, can you find a right angle in that?"

Many of Division VI came near having heart failure when W-l-l introduced his "little book."

Respectively yours, W-d.

Any one in quest of a plaything will find a whole family of paper dolls at home in Miss J. Gr-st-n's desk.

Miss Ke-g-n: "The sum of all the angles on one side of a plane in the same line, at a point, is equal to two right angles."

Teacher: "What do those lines do?"

Miss M-r-n: "Go inside (coincide) through-out."

Voilà l'été passé. Comprenez-vous?

On Sept. 30 the following class officers were elected: President, J. C. Bennett; Vice-President, Miss Lockett; Treasurer, MacNaugher; Secretary, Miss Verity.

The Social Committee are Shaw, MacVicar, Miss Green, Miss Sands.

We note the absence of go-carts in this year's Freshman class.

Spare those generous contributions, Miss M-rr-s.

Hurrah! Gr-e-n has a haircut at last.

We warn the Freshmen that it is dangerous to walk much in the corridor. They might get trampled on.—'II.

1912

What did Miss J-hn-n lose while going to the dictionary?

Ask H-n-gan if he likes condensed milk.

Every one has a skeleton, Miss C——.

"Latin"

All have died who ever learned it,
All will die who ever learn it,
Blessed death and surely earned it.

Does Miss G—— want any more pencils sharpened? H-n-gan will do it.

THE BROOKLET

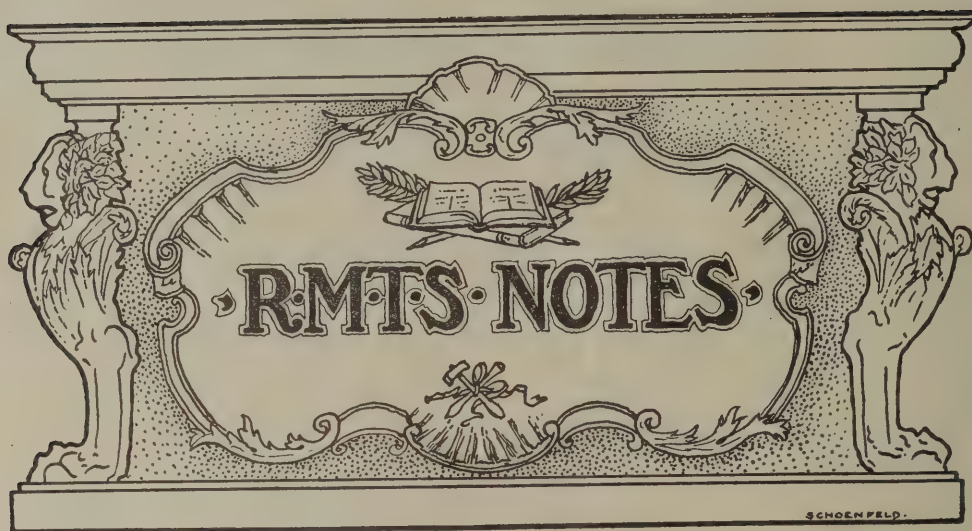
(From "Das Bächlein," by Goethe)

EX-C. E. H. S., '09

O brooklet, silvery and clear,
That ever rushes by me here,
Upon your bank I stand and dream:
Whence comes, where goes, your wandering
stream?

From depths of gloomy rock I come;
O'er flowers and moss my waters run;
The image of the heaven's own blue,
Upon my surface shows its hue.

Therefore a trustful mind I bear;
I'm driven on, I know not where.
He who has called me forth from stone,
He, I think, will lead me on.



1908

Welcome, Freshmen!

The Senior drama has not yet been decided upon, but the date will be about Feb. 1. The Drama Committee is as follows: K. Carman, Dunning, Willis, Farrington, Hunnewell, and Thompson.

Mr. Rich says the Seniors are nearer heaven in the gallery. Some, it seems, have fallen to the floor.

"Kech" wants more German translations. Down with Kechy.

Willis needs a dictionary for pronunciation.

Mr. Thurston: "Do you care to take up this subject?"

Ramsey: "I will have to consult my father."

"Aye, tear her tattered ensign down."

Farrington is trying to be a shoe clerk.

Berry is an electrician all right. We all agree on that.

College A misses its table in Room F.

Those fellows who caused disturbances a while ago in the College Division going up to the shops show that they have not as yet realized that they are Seniors.

Fellows, this is our last year. It is the busiest year. The drama is bound to be a success, as we have the right stock of fellows. Every one will have an opportunity to try out for it.

What will be our gift to the school, fellows? Suggestions are wanted.

Burrage (translating): "Elizabeth sat in the shade of an overhanging *twig*."

Willis seems very fond of "getting up" in German.

1909

Mr. L—— thinks that Colonel A——is hot enough without the heat turned on.

Did you get caught in the big swindle?

B-n-s has come to the conclusion that a hoop-snake is a cross between a doughnut and a (be careful how you pronounce this) *pfannkuchen*.

Pupil translating the German sentence, "*Ich bin nicht der Hausvater*," says, "I am not the father of the house!"

Sn-wd-n: "*Et toujours la diable de musique*; and always that — er — that music."

Red shirts were in style at the time when Colomba and Orso lived.

Pupil, translating, stops embarrassed at "*Mon Dieu*."

Teacher: "'Heavens' will be strong enough for here, I guess."

G——, in German: "If a masculine or neuter noun has less than one syllable, it takes 'es' to form the genitive."

Sn-wd-n, in history: "He carried back a cargo as valuable as the man before him."

Hat er (hot air) is used freely in German.

B-r-y (translating German): "The coo shthood shtill."

Heard in history: "Is there any proof that Magellan was eaten by cannibals?"

Heard in German: "Singular, feminines are indeclinable."

Some of us enjoy the hour before recess. Why?

Mr. T——: "Why did Ponce de Leon fail in his attempt to colonize in Florida?"

B——: "He didn't find the fountain, and he didn't find the gold."

Voice: "So he made up his mind that he'd been badly sold."

Remember, fellows, that 'og is acknowledged the leader in athletics. Keep it up, fellows, and if you don't go into athletics yourself, help the teams by giving them your support.

Lynch could not recite his oral theme because he burned his fingers in the forge shop.

1910

Welcome, Freshies.

'io extends congratulations to Mr. Wood and a welcome to the new teachers.

In algebra: "I can't get that problem."

Wise: "Sneeze, your brains are dusty."

"Tiny Tim" is still with us.

O'Con-r: "Have you caught anything?"

Co-p: "No; but I got some bites."

The "Heavenly Twins" are back in all glory.

In English:

McDon-d: "What would you do to avoid those jumps?"

McD.: "I'd slide."

Hadley, otherwise known as Mozart, is out for the football team.

When are we to organize the class?

Wake up, fellows, and make this year's REVIEW the Review of Reviews.

"How much is a shilling worth?"

Mah-n-y: "Seventeen cents."

"How much is a guinea worth?"

Mah-n-y: "About a dollar a day."

1911

Ask Getchel where his red eraser went to, in Room N? Dan knows.

Those desiring information on electricity ask Foster.

Now, fellows, don't let the other classes get ahead of us. Let's show them that we

are not asleep. There is plenty of material in our class to stock any team, and it is up to us to make good use of it.

R. M. T. S. Hurrah! Huzza!

Why don't you fellows pass in more class notes for the REVIEW?

FOES OF MORPHEUS

FROM EXPERIENCE

Weeks: "I'll wager a new hat that man over there is a school master."

Potts: "Nonsense; how do you know?"

Weeks: "Oh, he tried his hand over the seat before he sat down on it."

NO USE FOR HIM

Electrician: "So you want a job, do you?"

Stranger: "Yes, sir, I saw your advertisement and thought I'd call."

Electrician: "What was your last business?"

Stranger: "I was conductor, but on account of a misunderstanding I lost my place."

Electrician: "I am sorry, my man, but we have no use for non-conductors in our business."

A FAMILIAR PHRASE

First tramp: "So you want me to go and ring the doorbell while you sit here and rest?"

Second tramp: "Yes, Clarence, you press the button, and I do the rest."

ACCORDING TO THE PRONUNCIATION

Drawing teacher: "Now, this is a symmetrical figure. Can any one tell me what symmetry is? Ah, there is a little boy with his hand up. What is symmetry, little boy?"

Jimmy Murphy: "Plaze, mum, it do be a place fwere they buries dead papple."

A COMING MISER

A Sunday-school teacher asked her scholars to each learn a verse to recite when they dropped their pennies at the next missionary meeting, appropriate for the occasion.

They all came prepared the next Sabbath, and the first little fellow, as he dropped his penny, said, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

The second repeated, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

The teacher was delighted, and as the third, a very little boy, went forward she whispered in his ear, "Now, Johnnie, speak out loudly."

Johnnie, reluctantly dropping his penny in the box, lisped, "The fool and hith money ith thoon parted."

CARPENTER AND JOINER

A young man led a blushing female into the presence of Rev. Dr. Carpenter. "We want to get married," he said. "Are you the Rev. Dr. Carpenter?"

"Yes," replied the genial minister, "carpenter and joiner."

A WATERED JOKE

Guest (to head waiter): "Is your name Tide?"

Waiter: "No, sir."

Guest: "Or Time?"

Waiter: "Not at all."

Guest: "Well, it ought to be one of them. You wait on no man."



1908

We extend a hearty welcome to the class of '11 and trust they will all enjoy their first year in High School very much.

Seniors! That for which we have worked three years is now ours! Let us all try to make this a gala year, and when, next June, our turn comes to say farewell to this dear old school, may we all be able to look back on our Senior year as the most pleasant and profitable one we have ever spent.

We greatly miss those of our class who have left us and cordially welcome the newcomers.

"What kind of a plant is the 'wool plant,' Miss Cooper?"

Overheard in German:

"He was very clumsy, like all other teachers."

"Was that frog a lady?"

Gym is once more about to begin. Girls, this is our *last* chance to show what '08 can do.

Don't be afraid of the great big (?) Sophs, youngsters. We were all Freshmen once.

At our first class meeting the following officers were elected for the year: President,

Mr. Carroll; Vice-President, Miss Furfey; Treasurer, Mr. Reagan; Secretary, Miss Elliott.

The Social Committee are Miss Von der Luft, Miss Blair, Miss M. E. Cooke.

The Drama and Dance Committee is composed of Miss O'Connell, Miss Deehan, Miss Rourke.

Let the Social Committee stay wide-awake ALL this year! Start the ball rolling at once and don't let it stop.

Heard in commercial geography: "We might call it 'butting in' as long as it was the sheep who went there last."

How very studious we all are this year!

Wouldn't it be terrible if our teacher should ask us to pronounce some of the words we write in touch-typewriting?

Wake up, '08. Pay your class dues every month and DON'T let the Treasurer hunt you up every time. It is YOUR duty to pay him. A little more enthusiasm on the part of some of us will make our class what a Senior class *should* be.

We did not know which of the six boys we have to elect President.

1909

We all welcome the babes of '11.

Ask Miss Rogers who "Milo" is.

What time do you start for school, Irène?
8.30?

A very common expression: "Are you repeating anything?"

Are we going to have any socials *this year*?

"The cow at eve had *drunk* his fill
Upon the grass beside the mill."
Own up, Edna B—.

Do you feel very lonely after your friend
in Room 15, Miss Mas-ey?

The boys in Room 15 are very fond (?)
of French.

Miss McL-an is very studious (?) this
year.

We wonder why Miss M-ens would rather
study in the corner.

Where did you get that new ring, Miss
H-nn-n?

1910

'10 extends a cordial welcome to all the
little "Freshies."

"Hello! Who? Well, so long."

Miss Cl-ry doesn't believe in getting to
school early.

How good we have all become! Is it be-
cause we have to? Of course not.

Who is teacher's pet, Miss F-ng-e-?

Isn't "Nepos" perfectly delightful? It is
so easy, we have no need of written transla-
tions.

We are proud to say we have one
"G. E. M." in our class.

Who put that paper in Miss Keene's desk
the other morning? Are you guilty, Rose?

"You talk too much, Miss My-r-n."

Some very naughty remarks are heard
when the dressmaking girls are requested to
take out their stitching and do it over again.

Notice

Speed limit on the sewing machine, ten
miles an hour. Any one violating this will
be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Hello, Aunt Rose!

Heard in Latin: "*Aliquis ausus est uti meis
libris*" — "Some one has dared to use my
children."

Puzzle: Find Miss Sm-th at recess.

The latest fad in Room 3 is drawing de-
signs on shirt-waists, isn't it, Miss Myers?

We are pleased to hear that Miss C-1- has
finally resolved that $1-2 + 1-3 = 5-6$, *not* 2-5.

Teacher: "Give one of the methods by
which an expression is made more forcible."

Miss F-rt-h: "Invasion" (inversion).

Why did not Miss M-ck-n wish to sit by
the window when requested by the teacher?



FOOT BALL NOTES



R. M. T. S.

Our football season began early with the call for candidates on Friday, Sept. 13. Sixty-five boys reported, and of this number over thirty began practice the following Monday, under the able direction of "Tony" Harris and "Chet" Thompson. Since then the squad has been kept to about thirty men, and the prospects and the right spirit for a good season were never better.

George Christman, who played a good game at end last year has been appointed captain, and Gaw, Jones, James, Clavell, and Cremens of last year's eleven are back again. The other candidates are McLean, McDonald, Mosher, Wilson, O'Brien, Kronenburg, Aitchison, Danahy, Swartz, Landis, Crocker, Shaw, Cogswell, Lovell, Price, Wallace, Mullins, Horgan, Hadley, Glidden, Nelligan, Jacobson, Land, Zimmerman, and Lindsay.

The season is well on now, and the coaches and players are working hard to come out with a winning team on Thanksgiving. It is now up to the rest of the school to support the team in every way, to keep up this good spirit, and thus make the season of 1907 a memorable one.

R. M. T. S., o

Everett, 11

On Tuesday, Oct. 1, we opened our practice season with Everett High, at Glendale Park, Everett, before a crowd of over a thousand people. It was our first game of the year, and that fact was very evident as the game progressed. But for a bad fumble on the first kick-off, Everett should have made only one touchdown. Christman, Kronenburg, and Jones played well, while Lansing, Brickley, and Strong were the stars for Everett.

Lineup and summary:

<i>Rindge</i>	<i>Everett</i>
Clavell, Lovell, l. e.....r. e.,	Mason
Shaw, l. t.....r. t.,	Brauer
Cremens, l. g.....r. g.,	Steele
Jones, c.....c.,	Locke
McDonald, r. g.....l. g.,	Poole
McLean, Mosher, Crocker, r. t..l. t.,	Ambrose
Christman, r. e.....l. e.,	Strong
Aitchison, Danahy, q-b.....q-b.,	Lansing
O'Brien, Horgan, l. h. b.	
	r. h. b., Schoppely, Larkin
Kronenburg, r. h. b.....l. h. b.,	Brickley
Wilson, f. b.....f. b.,	Rosenthal

Score: Everett High, 11; R. M. T. S., 0. Touchdowns, Strong, Brickley. Goal from touchdown, Brickley. Umpire, Brown. Referee, Ingalls. Timekeeper, Landick. Linesmen, Watkins and Cairns. Time, twenty and fifteen minute halves. Attendance, 1,000.

R. M. T. S., 0

Pomfret, 0

On Saturday, Oct. 5, we journeyed to Pomfret, Conn., and played that school a fast 0-0 game. By a series of forward passes and tricky formations, Pomfret managed to keep the ball in our territory the most of the first half, although we outweighed them considerably. Rindge rushed Pomfret off their feet in the second half, which ended with the ball in Rindge's possession, on Pomfret's two-yard line. Rindge would have surely scored on the next rush but, unfortunately, time was called at the critical moment, and we did not get a deserved victory.

The whole team showed up much better than they did over at Everett. Scully, Bowne, and Lowery played well for Pomfret.

Lineup and summary:

<i>Rindge</i>	<i>Pomfret</i>
Gaw, l. e.....	r. e., Rice, Kerr
Shaw, l. t.....	r. t., Wiggins
Cremens, l. g.....	r. g., Rand
Jones, c.....	c., Chatfield
McDonald, r. g.....	l. g., Harden
McLean, r. t.....	l. t., Newberry
Christman, r. e.....	l. e., Lowery, Parsons
Danahy, Aitchison, q.-b....	q.-b., Kerr, Bowne
O'Brien, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Winston
Wilson, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Jarnall
James, f. b.....	f. b., Scully

Score, 0-0. Umpire, Mr. Palmer. Referee, Mr. Levens. Linesmen, McLean and Callender. Time, ten and twelve minute halves. Attendance, 200.

The schedule, arranged by W. S. Henderson, manager, is as follows:

Oct. 1, Everett High at Everett.

Oct. 5, Pomfret at Pomfret, Conn.

Oct. 8, Malden High at Malden.

Oct. 12, Waltham High at Waltham.

Oct. 15, Newton High at Newton.

Oct. 19, Worcester High at Worcester.

Oct. 26, * B. E. H. S. at Boston.

Nov. 1, Cambridge Latin (grounds).

Nov. 8, Brockton High at Brockton.

Nov. 16, * Dorchester High at Dorchester.

Nov. 28, * Somerville at Somerville.

LATIN SCHOOL

The candidates for the Latin School football team reported to Captain Close on Monday, Sept. 16. The prospects for a successful team are very good with eight of last year's players back. The following men reported: Captain Close, Graustein, Volk, Douglass, Robbins, Huling, Coon, Reeves, Burgess, Coleman, Crowther, Marikle, Burnham, Cunningham, Peterson, Simpson, Mason, Harlow, Daly, Lawless, Wheeler, Marret, Thomas, and Booker.

Somerville High, 15 Cambridge Latin, 0

Cambridge Latin was defeated by Somerville on a heavy field Sept. 28. Latin School was outweighed fifteen pounds to a man. During the latter part of the game Latin School repeatedly used the forward pass successfully on both ends. Mixer and Sharry played well for Somerville, while Close, Volk, and Reeves did the best for Latin School.

Somerville High *Cambridge Latin*

Healy (Fields, Scriven), l.e.

r. e., Crowthers (Huling)

Cummins (Nolan, S. Merrill), l. t.

r. t., Graustein

Caldwell, l. g.....
 r. g., Coleman || Nowell (Pease), c..... | c., Robbins |

* Interscholastic league.

(Continued on page 37)

CAMBRIDGE LATIN SCHOOL

CATALOGUE 1907-1908

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

William C. Bates.....City Hall

HIGH SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Dr. Sherman R. Lancaster.....5 Pleasant St. Rev. Robert Walker.....74 Fourth St.
William Taggard Piper.....179 Brattle St. Mrs. Carolyn P. Chase.....19 Lancaster St.
Joseph E. Sharkey.....259 Elm St.

SECRETARY AND AGENT OF SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Sanford B. Hubbard.....City Hall

HEAD MASTER

William F. Bradbury.....369 Harvard St.

MASTER

Isaac B. Burgess.....12 Vincent St.

PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY TEACHER

John I. Phinney.....9 Chauncy St.

TEACHERS

Cecil T. Derry.....12 Trowbridge St.	Helen W. Munroe.....94 Brattle St.
Alfred R. Wightman.....381 Harvard St.	Isabel S. Burton.....371 Harvard St.
Arthur E. Wood.....38 Shepard St.	Ethel V. Sampson, 957 Washington St., Newtonville
Helen M. Albee.....48 Lake View Ave.	Louisa P. Parker.....19 Trowbridge St.
Jennie S. Spring.....67A Dana St.	Alice D. Chamberlain.....20 Ellsworth Ave.
Caroline Drew.....21 Blagden St., Boston	Almira W. Bates.....20 Wendell St.
Mary C. Hardy.....23 Maple St., Arlington	Margaret S. Bradbury.....369 Harvard St.
Alice C. Baldwin.....34 Dana St.	Nellie E. Fawcett.....93 Hammond St.
Rose S. Hardwick.....11 Cleveland St.	Elizabeth B. Flanders....75 Pinckney St., Boston
Mabel E. Harris.....17 Gray St.	Margaret J. Griffith.....104 Spring St.
Lena G. Perrigo.....40 Palmer St., Arlington	Margaret C. Cotter.....11 Magnolia Ave.

DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR GIRLS

Bessie W. Howard.....24 Linnæan St.

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

Frederick E. Chapman.....126 Oxford St.

SECRETARY AND LIBRARIAN

Annie S. Dodge.....15 Cottage St.

JANITOR

Thomas F. Cahir.....1576 Cambridge St.

CLASS I—1908

Babson, Richard C.....8 Hurlbut St.	Dee, Patrick J.....94 Hammond St.
Blackall, Robert M.....16 Chauncy St.	Douglass, George F.....154 Brookline St.
Burgess, W. Randolph.....12 Vincent St.	Dow, Frank R.....326 Broadway
Champagne, Joseph L.....19 Mellen St.	Downing, Lester L.....30 Bowdoin St.
Daly, John A.....51 Martin St.	Fogg, Harry T.....Main St., Hingham

THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW

Gilkey, J. Gordon.....5 Auburn Pl., Watertown
 Huling, Ray G., Jr.....17 Hurlbut St.
 Lanman, Thomas H.....9 Farrar St.
 Lynch, John F.....1 Cedar Sq.
 Manning, Edward W.....235 Upland Rd.
 Marean, Endicott.....151 Brattle St.
 Mason, Hugh.....9 Bailey Rd., Watertown
 Nightingale, George F., 180 Elm St., N. Cambridge
 Parker, Reginald S.....14 Ash St.
 Parry, J. Harold.....2301 Massachusetts Ave.
 Parshley, Thomas B.....30 Mt. Auburn St.
 Pihl, Armand C.....76 Willow St.
 Reagan, John A.....38 Creighton St.
 Reeves, Henry E.....25 Sacramento St.
 Rice, Clifton L.....202 Auburn St.
 Robbins, Morton S....65 Adams Ave., Watertown
 Simpson, Philip.....61 Dana St.
 Stone, Charles L.....38 Sacramento St.
 Stratton, G. Francis.....24 Linnæan St.
 Straw, Palmer.....21 Blagden St., Boston
 Wheeler, Francis W.....21 Wendell St.

Number of boys, 31

Balmer, Charlotte J.....17 Willard St.
 Bates, Dorothea.....13 Forest St.
 Blake, Helen H.....9 Remington St.
 Breeze, Iris S.....344 Harvard St.
 Brown, Florence M.....14 Park St.
 Carlson, Alice L.....357 Harvard St.
 Carroll, Margaret M.....719 Cambridge St.
 Copp, Jane H.....23 Inman St.
 Davis, L. Anna.....116 Upland Rd.
 Emerson, Ruth.....395 Broadway
 Estabrook, Maud V.....44 Martin St.
 Fenwick, Margaret H.....8 Centre St.
 Fisher, W. Beryl.....18 Sacramento Pl.

FitzGerald, Alice E.....89 Hammond St.
 Gardner, Beatrice A.....13 Bigelow St.
 Glidden, Mildred W.....1 Allston Ct.
 Glynn, Ellen F.....10 Van Norden St.
 Graustein, Louise A.....19 Bowdoin St.
 Hackett, Ethelle M.....17 Summer St.
 Hale, A. Marion.....65 Wendell St.
 Hawes, Edna F.....19½ Fayette St.
 Hubbard, Edith A.....14 Sacramento St.
 Hunt, Juliet E.....17 Wendell St.
 Keniston, Ethel D.....2322 Massachusetts Ave.
 Lanman, Faith T.....9 Farrar St.
 Lawrence, Katharine F.....65 Martin St.
 Leake, Edna M.....25 Warland St.
 Lockett, Alice B.....13 Appian Way
 Lynch, Genevieve G.....90½ Berkshire St.
 Mason, Marion G.....432 Broadway
 Mason, Mary B.....214 Erie St.
 McCarthy, Mary R.....30 Mead St.
 McFarlane, Christina M.....58 Pleasant St.
 Miner, Daisy E.....28 Hadley St.
 Mitchell, Alice W.....221 Pearl St.
 Myles, Elizabeth K.....55 Hammond St.
 Pennell, Nellie E.....29 Blake St.
 Penney, Clara L.....375 Harvard St.
 Pierce, Edith A.....184 Green St.
 Plympton, Ruth H.....10 Leonard Ave.
 Regan, Teresa A.....22 Lambert St.
 Rogers, Lucy.....5 Craigie St.
 Rogers, Winifred.....5 Craigie St.
 Telford, Irene U.....25 Vincent St.
 White, Lucy T.....1590 Cambridge St.
 Wood, Ellen C.....49 Mt. Auburn St.
 Wood, Marguerite S.....14 Avon St.
 Wood, Marion O.....49 Mt. Auburn St.

Number of girls, 48. Number in class, 79.

CLASS II—1909

Allen, William E.....75 Sparks St.
 Amee, Howe C.....172 Hancock St.
 Barth, Allen.....293 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
 Bartlett, C. Norman.....191 Hamilton St.
 Booker, Louis H.....59 Grigg St.
 Britten, Rollo H.....86 Ellery St.
 Burnham, Harry G.....1423 Cambridge St.
 Candee, Frank W.....47 Brattle St.
 Close, Frank D.....380 Broadway
 Coon, James H.....7 Palfrey St., Watertown
 Davies, William W.....12 Remington St.
 Davis, James A.....79 Reservoir St.
 Fitzgerald, George F.....108 Holworthy St.
 Goepfer, Harold J.....73 Highland Ave.
 Goodale, Alfred M., Jr.....16 Coolidge Ave.
 Graustein, Edward A.....19 Arlington St.
 Hands, George H.....1784 Massachusetts Ave.

Hawkins, Robert F.....383 Harvard St.
 Herlihy, Charles M.....6 Healey St.
 Hodges, Lester E.....48 Dana St.
 Hursh, Walter C.....186 Upland Rd.
 Ireland, J. Earl.....16 Norumbega St.
 Keegan, Thomas S.....17 Buena Vista Pk.
 Lawless, Hervey P.....55 Trowbridge St.
 Lincoln, Nathan B.....18 Fayette St.
 Locke, Bradford B.....7 Francis Ave.
 MacPherson, Maurice.....94 Prescott St.
 Meyer, Edward J.....234 Broadway
 Noonan, Everett L.....109 Otis St.
 Nutting, Horace L.....6 William St.
 O'Connor, Martin F.....135 Rindge Ave.
 Taylor, John H.....1735 Massachusetts Ave.
 Tunis, Roberts.....23 Wendell St.
 White, Francis C.....24 Follen St.

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White, Richard F.....89 Mt. Vernon St., Boston
Whittemore, Robert D.....36 Irving St.
Wright, Richard H.....20 Mellen St.
Number of boys 37.

Arnold, Dorothy.....19 Irving St.
Bates, Helen G.....19 Harris St.
Beane, Esther C.....8 Prescott St.
Browning, Natalie A.....19 Trowbridge St.
Chase, Margaret.....950 Massachusetts Ave.
Clay, Alice M.....80 Garfield St.
Coburn, Marguerite.....35 Granite St.
Cowlshaw, Erdine K.....324 Franklin St.
Crowley, Clara L.....290 Massachusetts Ave.
Dadmun, Henrietta D.....1696 Massachusetts Ave.
Dallinger, Mildred E.....82 Henry St.
Doherty, Ellen C.....83 Hammond St.
Dougherty, Constance M.....77 Lake View Ave.
Dwyer, Margaret F. C.....878 Massachusetts Ave.
Egan, Bernice M.....353 Harvard St.
Foster, Lillian T.....908 Massachusetts Ave.
Fountain, Eleanor M.....170 Chestnut St.
Graustein, Ida S.....19 Bowdoin St.

Hodge, Beatrice P.....788 Massachusetts Ave.
Howlett, Marion A.....12 Whittier St.
Kelsey, Alice A.....4 Buckingham Pl.
McCaffrey, Inez.....318 Western Ave.
Moynahan, Bertha.....42 Dana St.
Noland, Leila.....139 Mt. Auburn St.
Pfaff, May S.....325 Franklin St.
Price, Phebe M.....12 Humboldt St.
Raymond, Dorothy.....84 Ellery St.
Reed, Anna H.....100 Elm St., N. Cambridge
Rice, Barbara G.....375 Broadway
Rounds, Mary G.....351 Pearl St.
Russell, Maude E.....33 Mellen St.
Scott, Margery.....6 Kirkland St.
Sheldon, Mary H.....11 Francis Ave.
Sullivan, Alice F.....50 Lexington Ave.
Tenney, Ruth G.....86 Buckingham St.
Tynes, Lillian M.....13 Clarendon Ave.
Waters, Isabel A.....3½ Broadway
Whitaker, Claudine.....97 Concord Ave.
Woehler, Tosca.....1654 Massachusetts Ave.

Number of girls, 39. Number in class, 76.

CLASS III — 1910

Blackman, Floyd H.....27 Agassiz St.
Bool, T. Dwight.....2 Lamson Pl.
Boynton, Alvah R.....130 Oxford St.
Brennan, James P.....49 Cedar St.
Cahir, Walter F.....1576 Cambridge St.
Clay, Harold J.....80 Garfield St.
Connor, George L.....3½ Wendell St.
Corcoran, Theobald S.....44 Hudson St.
Crowther, Charles W.....160 Lake View Ave.
Crowther, George M.....160 Lake View Ave.
Cunningham, James M.....1741 Massachusetts Ave.
Davis, Chester P.....116 Upland Rd.
Duvey, Harry N.....18 Whittier St.
Embree, Edward E.....27 Walker St.
Fenn, Wallace O.....25 Quincy St.
Ford, A. Stanley.....40 Parker St.
Goebel, Julius L.....53 Oxford St.
Gozzaldi, Alfred J.....96 Brattle St.
Grant, Harold P.....192 Upland Rd.
Kimball, Ernest L.....30 Lee St.
Levy, Maurice M.....210 Sidney St.
Lynch, Daniel F. (J.).....87 Wendell St.
Lynch, Daniel M.....1 Cedar Sq.
Lynch, Joseph B.....64 Amory St.
Marrett, E. Hastings.....20 Avon Hill St.
McGuire, Alfred C.....22 Vineyard St.
Ormsby, Henry J.....421 Green St.
Parry, Robert E.....77 Rice St.
Pettersson, Ernest W.....17 Inman St.
Rogers, C. Merrill, Jr.....73 Frost St.
Shepherd, Edward G.....39 Garfield St.

Skilton, Raymond N.....15 Linnæan St.
White, Joseph F.....1590 Cambridge St.
Zintz, Abraham.....1056 Cambridge St.

Number of boys, 34

Adams, Dorothy.....35 Arlington St.
Ayer, Dorothy.....156 Hancock St.
Bacon, Mildred F.....71 Highland Ave.
Barton, Helen M.....16 Lexington Ave.
Black, Frances M.....58 Kirkland St.
Black, Margaret M.....58 Kirkland St.
Boyer, Helen M.....162 Hancock St.
Caution, Gladys A.....59 Museum St.
Cole, Ruth D.....119 Oxford St.
Comerford, Margaret L.....5 Wright St.
Cooke, Myra L.....266 Cambridge St.
Cotter, Ellen E.....7 Norton Pl.
Crandon, Evelyn H.....36 Bowdoin St.
Currie, Ethel M.....73 Reservoir St.
Curtis, Ernestine A.....64 Richdale Ave.
Delaney, Mary F.....151 Mt. Auburn St.
Donovan, Annie S.....23 Leonard Ave.
Duvey, Dorothy R.....18 Whittier St.
Edwards, Ruth.....16 Mellen St.
Ela, Elizabeth P.....512 Green St.
Emerson, Lorena A.....5 Kinnaird St.
Feeley, Elizabeth I.....265 Western Ave.
Feeley, Florence M.....265 Western Ave.
FitzGerald, Mary F.....89 Hammond St.
Foxcroft, Mary G.....25 Hillside Ave.
Geyer, Gladys R.....259 Broadway

Cove, Jennie H.....	84 River St.	McArthur, Lillian M.....	10 Magazine Ct.
Crawford, Helen.....	29 Essex St.	McFarlane, Ena B.....	58 Pleasant St.
Davis, Florence J.....	2328 Massachusetts Ave.	M'Coy, Madeline R.....	66 Mt. Vernon St.
Detlefsen, Elsie A.....	244 River St.	Mernin, Mary T.....	17 Allen St.
Drummond, Mary E. A.....	192 Green St.	Moran, Dorothy V.....	514 Putnam Ave.
Durnan, Marcella P.....	582 Franklin St.	Morris, Pauline M.....	11 Richdale Ave.
Fenn, Dorothy.....	25 Quincy St.	Nash, Isabel M.....	9 Acacia St.
Goebel, Louise K.....	53 Oxford St.	Nash, Ruth S.....	9 Acacia St.
Graustein, Alma W.....	19 Bowdoin St.	Patten, Frances L.....	60 Thorndike St.
Graustein, Jeannette E.....	19 Arlington St.	Pierce, Beatrice C.....	15 Remington St.
Green, Helen.....	100 Henry St.	Pingree, Marion D.....	37 Lee St.
Hall, Madeline O.....	39 Parker St.	Price, Louise T.....	9 Humboldt St.
Harding, Ethel M.....	225 Putnam Ave.	Ramsey, Florence C.....	9 Oak St.
Harkin, Catharine M.....	500 Franklin St.	Rowe, Margaret M.....	318 Western Ave.
Hite, Harriet J.....	22 Mt. Pleasant St.	Saltman, Frances.....	308 Western Ave.
Howe, Calma W.....	114 Washington Ave.	Sands, Dorothy.....	22 Avon St.
Hunter, Marion G.....	1751 Massachusetts Ave.	Sharkey, Marion W.....	30 Rindge Ave.
Jacobs, Vivien A.....	888 Massachusetts Ave.	Shaw, Gertrude M.....	16 Sacramento St.
Jonas, Mabel A.....	11 Walnut Ave.	Sherman, Hazel L.....	22 Ellsworth Ave.
Kane, Ethel M.....	3 Greenough Ave.	Smith, E. Phebe.....	10 Saville St.
Keegan, Ellen S.....	17 Buena Vista Pk.	Staples, Beulah R.....	11 Leonard Ave.
Keniston, Mildred R.....	2322 Massachusetts Ave.	Thompson, Margarita.....	49 Oxford St.
Kingman, Myra H.....	249 Huron Ave.	Verity, G. Hilda.....	42 Mt. Vernon St.
Litchfield, Mildred B.....	410 Massachusetts Ave.	Wetmore, Eileen U.....	55 Chestnut St.
Lockett, Elizabeth S.....	15 Buckingham St.	Whyte, Marion C.....	60 Kirkland St.
Lombard, Rachel H.....	89 Rice St.	Wight, Ruth.....	147 Lexington Ave.
Malcolm, Eliza.....	76 Crescent Ave.	Wilkins, R. Olive.....	5 Rindgefield St.
Maloney, Mary E.....	1307 Cambridge St.	Wright, Nadine F.....	265 Prospect St.
Marvin, Pauline.....	58 Trowbridge St.		
Marx, Louise M.....	2 Athens Ter.		

Number of girls, 67. Number in class, 123

CLASS V—1912

Adams, Hykaz G.....	27 Hardwick St.	Green, Ralph W.....	26 Mellen St.
Anderson, Lewis A.....	80 Oxford St.	Greené, David.....	3 Wendell St.
Bean, Harry T.....	5 Fayette St.	Griffin, Arthur F.....	218 Putnam Ave.
Briggs, Le Baron R., Jr.....	140 Bratt's St.	Hannigan, Judson.....	1010 Massachusetts Ave.
Byrnes, Alfred H.....	255 Putnam Ave.	Hayman, Fred A.....	18 Laurel St.
Carver, Emmett K.....	16 Kirkland Rd.	Henderson, Eustis H.....	52 Mt. Pleasant St.
Chamberlin, Raymond.....	17 Ellsworth Ave.	Hughes, Morton L.....	9 Magazine St.
Cheyne, George A.....	64 Plymouth St.	Keene, Alden V.....	12 Fayette St., Watertown
Coleman, Wesley D.....	199 Western Ave.	King, Harold S.....	15 Walker St.
Cotter, Thomas E.....	7 Norton Pl.	Knapp, Addison E.....	16 Lee St.
Coyne, Philip J.....	60 Holworthy St.	Lang, Forrest D.....	7 Gardner St.
Cummings, F. Estlin.....	104 Irving St.	Long, E. Waldo.....	75 Garfield St.
Currie, Austin W.....	32 Dana St.	Lynch, Henry C.....	64 Amory St.
Currie, Warren G.....	376 Harvard St.	Martin, Walter J.....	118 Garden St.
Curtin, Charles A.....	170 Brookline St.	McArdle, Edward.....	57 Harvey St.
Dartt, Miller F.....	32 Mt. Pleasant St.	McCarter, Bertram T.....	9 Ellery St.
Decker, Irwin S.....	16 Bowdoin St.	McLeod, John L.....	71 Portland St.
Edgerton, Herbert H.....	3 Whittier St.	Morris, Edward L.....	62 Mt. Pleasant St.
Ellis, E. Raymond, Jr.....	1692 Massachusetts Ave.	O'Brien, John J.....	249 Huron Ave.
Fenn, Donald F.....	25 Quincy St.	O'Brien, Richard H.....	127 Huron Ave.
Fenn, Roger C.....	25 Quincy St.	O'Connor, John P.....	11½ Plymouth St.
Finn, John T.....	15 Willard St.	Percival, Henry S.....	105 Inman St.
Flint, Otis.....	17 Healey St.	Pike, Frank H.....	5 Meacham Rd.

Plummer, Howard.....2161 Massachusetts Ave.
 Powers, William T.....73A Dana St.
 Price, Robert F.....65 Pearl St.
 Printon, Henry F.....107 Fayerweather St.
 Putnam, Willard S.....923 Massachusetts Ave.
 Reardon, Donald J.....195 Erie St.
 Rohde, Frank C.....223 Norfolk St.
 Sander, Benjamin C. L.....21 Holmes St.
 Sanger, Richard.....103 Walker St.
 Scranton, Harvey A....37 Burnham St., Waverley
 Shea, Timothy J.....622 Green St.
 Silverman, Max.....1014 Cambridge St.
 Stuart, Wallis E.....363 Washington St.
 Thomas, Errold B.....3 Langdon Sq.
 Tolman, Albert W.....12 Andrew St.
 Travers, Albert M.....20 Hardwick St.
 Wallace, Earle S.....4 Fayette Pk.
 Warren, Arthur B.....Garden Ter.
 Webb, Torrey H.....11 Scott St.
 Willard, Harry V.....7 Allen St.
 Williams, George L.....100 Brattle St.
 Zamore, Oscar W.....74 Dana St.

Number of boys, 68

Black, Inez M.....58 Winthrop St.
 Bohan, Margaret G.....21 Carver St.
 Brock, Christine.....136 Lake View Ave.
 Brown, A. Frances.....32 Grant St.
 Bruce, Marion.....Hotel Oxford, Boston
 Bushway, Viva.....323 Broadway
 Chalmers, Helen L.....400 Washington St.
 Chamberlain, Ruth A.....27 William St.
 Chandler, E. Olive.....51 Chestnut St.
 Cohen, Anna.....7 Marcella St.
 Coleman, Caroline W.....69 Chestnut St.
 Connelley, Alice V.....303 Columbia St.
 Cook, Bertha E.....39 Pleasant St.
 Cowlishaw, Nita.....324 Franklin St.
 Crandon, Emily.....36 Bowdoin St.
 Crawford, Ruby F.....7 Irving Ter.
 Cremens, Gertrude M.....130 Antrim St.
 Crowley, Dorothea M....290 Massachusetts Ave.
 Culhane, Catherine.....28 Mellen St.
 Curtis, Gertrude W.....112 Henry St.
 Cutler, Elsa I.....71 Magazine St.
 Derry, Miriam F.....12 Trowbridge St.
 Donald, Genevieve L.....1 Hancock Pk.
 Downing, Miriam B.....54 Fairfield St.
 Doyle, Anna H.....Riverbank Ct.
 Eccles, M. Grace.....111 Hammond St.
 Evans, Natalie.....105 Raymond St.
 Facey, Mary M.....54 Pemberton St.
 Fish, Charlotte L.....10 Buena Vista Pk.
 Fraser, Vivian G.....463 Putnam Ave.
 French, Ethel C.....14 Kirkland Rd.
 Furneaux, Nellie E.....41 Prospect St.
 Gaw, Hazel L.....50 Highland Ave.
 Goebel, Irma G.....53 Oxford St.
 Gorman, Gertrude M.....63 Ellery St.

Gould, Ada E.....1 Hancock Pl.
 Hall, Edith L.....14 Fayette St.
 Hamilton, Ruth M.....84 Antrim St.
 Hanright, Alice H.....40 Brookline St.
 Harding, Margaret I.....42 Dana St.
 Hawes, Sylvia.....19½ Fayette St.
 Hedin, Marion E.....89 Antrim St.
 Holway, Florence D.....258 Prospect St.
 Hovey, Grace.....29 Lancaster St.
 Howe, Ruth F.....7 Exeter Pk.
 Humphreys, Mildred M..1563 Massachusetts Ave.
 Johnson, Mildred E.....215 Norfolk St.
 Kellogg, Esther C.....61 Austin St.
 Kilkenny, Louise B.....1851 Massachusetts Ave.
 Kimball, Edith.....49 Austin St.
 King, Margaret W.....15 Walker St.
 Laurence, Ethyl P.....1654 Massachusetts Ave.
 Leven, Florence R.....175 River St.
 Lister, Helen F.....30 Shepard St.
 Mannix, Alice E.....196 Appleton St.
 Mason, H. Elizabeth....9 Bailey Rd., Watertown
 McGregor-Norman, Ruth.....3 Cleveland St.
 Merriam, Etta R.....29 Norfolk St.
 Moran, Irene K.....106 Dudley St.
 Morton, E. Greeta.....2 Corliss Pl.
 Noll, Martha.....51 Sacramento St.
 O'Reilly, Sarah.....81 Sixth St.
 Packard, Kathryn A.....5 Perry St.
 Penney, Jessie E.....18 Centre St.
 Phillips, Laura M.....364 Broadway
 Reyecroft, Hilda L.....11 Whittier St.
 Riley, Mary L.....146 Rindge Ave.
 Rogers, Doris E.....371 Broadway
 Sawyer, Ruth L. F.....18 Hilliard St.
 Schoenfeld, Anna.....124 Berkshire St.
 Sharkey, Agnes M.....119 Antrim St.
 Sherman, Adele F.....22 Ellsworth Ave.
 Smith, Carol.....37 Trowbridge St.
 Smith, Loretta H. V.....34 Maple Ave.
 Smith, Mildred A.....888 Massachusetts Ave.
 Stiles, Rachel.....50 Trowbridge St.
 Sullivan, Elizabeth G.....88 Plympton St.
 Sweet, Eleanor K.....64 Gorham St.
 Swift, Marguerite E.....18 Centre St.
 Swinerton, Abbie H.....22 Walden St.
 Taylor, Dorothy S..182 Elm St., North Cambridge
 Thompson, Mildred A.....21 Lee St.
 Tuttle, Elsa D.....350 Esplanade
 Wade, Florence G.....82 Ellery St.
 Wadsworth, Enid N.....14 Woodbridge St.
 Webber, Lillian.....77 Magazine St.
 Whelan, Isabelle F.....538 Green St.
 Wolcott, Grace D.....331 Broadway
 Wood, Frances.....32 Gorham St.
 Wright, Elizabeth.....16 Chauncy St.

Number of girls, 90. Number in class, 158.

Total number of boys, 223. Total number of girls, 310. Total number in school, 533.

LATIN SCHOOL ATHLETICS

(Continued from page 30)

Ketchum (Sewell), r. g.....l. g., Burgess
 Hoyt (D. Merrill), r. t.....l. t., Marikle
 Forg (Jarvis, Howard), r. e..l. e., Douglass
 Wiley (Donahue, Norris), q.-b....q.-b., Coon
 MacDonald (Mixer), l. h. b..l. h. b., Reeves
 Sharry (Mahoney, Noble), r. h. b.
 r. h. b., Close
 Cousens (Russ, Dickerman), f. b..f. b., Volk

Touchdowns by Sharry, 2; Mahoney, 1.
 Referee, Marvin. Umpire, Mains. Time, two
 fifteen-minute halves. Linesmen, Farrington
 and Merrill.

Manager Blackall has prepared the follow-
 ing schedule:

Sept. 28, Somerville High at Somerville.
 Oct. 5, Dedham High at Dedham.
 Oct. 12, St. Mark's at Southboro.

Oct. 19, Pomfret at Pomfret.
 Oct. 26, Gloucester High at Gloucester.
 Nov. 1, R. M. T. S. (place undecided).
 Nov. 8, Newton High (place undecided).
 Nov. 16, Quincy High at Quincy.
 Nov. 22, Brookline High (place undecided).
 Nov. 28, Waltham High at Waltham.

Cambridge Latin, 12 Dedham High, 0

At Dedham the Latin School team easily
 defeated Dedham High. Cambridge was the
 stronger on both the offence and defence and
 worked the forward pass for long gains.
 Graustein, Volk, and Burgess played well for
 Latin School.

The summary:

Cambridge Latin *Dedham High*
 Douglass, l. e.....r. e., Hunt
 Connor, l. t.....r. t., Seavery

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		Opposite ESSEX ST.
}	663 WASHINGTON ST.	
	Opposite BEACH ST.	

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 Robbins, c. c., Haigh
 Coleman (Simpson), r. g. l. g., Crawford
 Marikle, r. t. l. t., G. Rogers
 Huling (Crowthers), r. e. l. e., Colburn
 Coon (Daly), q.-b. q.-b., Boyd
 Graustein, l. h. b.
 r. h. b., Harris (Shaughnessy)

Close, r. h. b. l. h. b., Williams
 Volk, f. b. f. b., D. Rogers
 Score: Cambridge Latin, 12; Dedham High,
 o. Touchdowns, Huling and Volk. Goals
 from touchdowns, Close, 2. Umpire, T.
 Kelly. Referee, F. Henley. Linesmen, Bren-
 nan and Farrington. Timers, Burgess and
 Carney. Time, two fifteen-minute halves.

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O England, land of blessed liberty,
 As here I roam, far from thy golden shore,
 Far from thy sylvan scenes and rivers free,
 And quiet villages, with blue skies o'er,

Sweet thoughts of thee, my native home,
 come in,
 Driving all other thoughts away, and then
 My tears fall, as I think of that bright home
 Which I may never, never, see again.

Oh, by an act of mercy, may God grant
 The fervent prayer of my whole life, that I
 May live to see those blessed shores again
 And, on my native land, there may I die.

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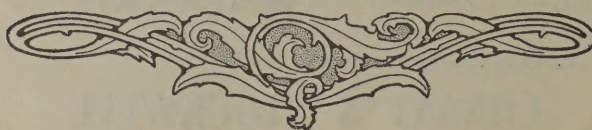
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
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